

NOVEMBER

BLUE BOLT

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VOL. 6 N° 5

JIM WILCOX



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



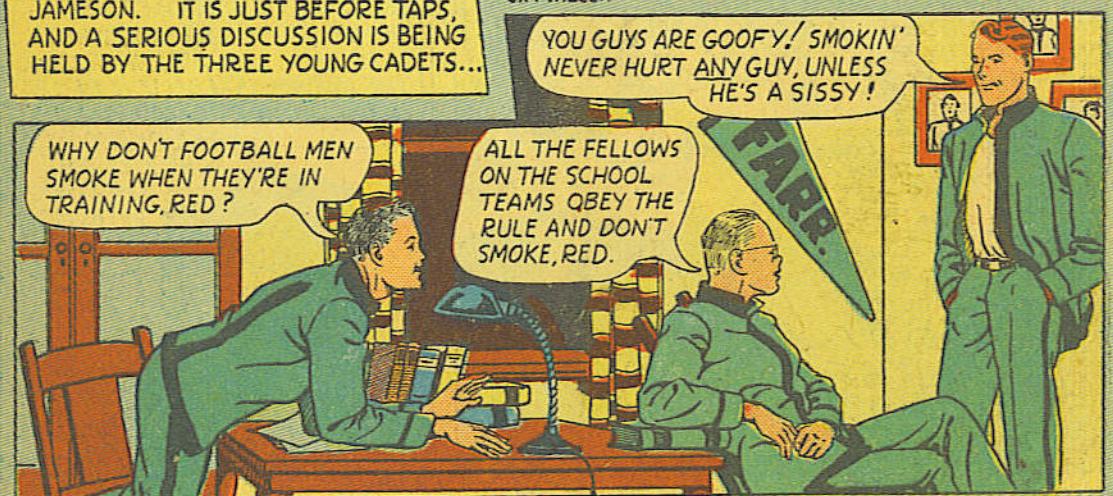
DICK COLE



OUR STORY OPENS IN A FOURTH FORM ROOM AT FARR MILITARY ACADEMY OCCUPIED BY "WHITEY" GREEN, RED STOREY AND "PINK" JAMESON. IT IS JUST BEFORE TAPS, AND A SERIOUS DISCUSSION IS BEING HELD BY THE THREE YOUNG CADETS...

JIM WILCOX

YOU GUYS ARE GOOFY! SMOKIN' NEVER HURT ANY GUY, UNLESS HE'S A SISSY!



WHITEY, THAT RULE IS JUST TO IMPRESS THE YOUNG KIDS. SIMBA, BULL MAXON AND SLIP'RY SNEAK SMOKES. THEY'RE GOOD ATHLETES! AND SO DOES BARK HALL! IT DOESN'T HURT HIM, AND HE'S THE BEST ATHLETE IN SCHOOL!

HE IS NOT! DICK COLE'S THE BEST! DICK COLE DOESN'T SMOKE!

NO, PINK, HE WOULDN'T! HE'S SCARED TO, THAT'S WHY! HE'S SCARED OF HIS PRECIOUS REPUTATION! ANYHOW HE'S NOT IN BARK HALL'S CLASS BY A MILE!

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YOU'RE FULL OF APPLE SAUCE, RED STOREY! DICK COLE'S ALWAYS AHEAD OF BARK, AND DICK ISN'T SCARED OF ANYTHING! AND I'LL PROVE IT!

YEAH? HOW YOU GONNA PROVE IT, PINK?



ARE YOU GAME TO ASK DICK COLE, TOMORROW? DICK DOESN'T LIE, RED.

NO, HE DOESN'T, PINK!.. SURE, I'M --- O-HO! TAPS! LIGHTS OUT!



NEXT DAY...

MR. COLE, YOU DON'T EVER SMOKE, DO YOU?

BUT YOU AREN'T SCARED TO, ARE YOU, SIR?

YOU THINK IT'S BAD... DON'T YOU, SIR?



NO, PINK, I DON'T SMOKE, BUT IT ISN'T THAT I'M SCARED TO, WHITEY. ALSO, RED, I DON'T THINK IT'S BAD. THE ANSWER IS - I BELIEVE IN KEEPING IN TIP-TOP SHAPE ALL THE TIME AND I DON'T FEEL THAT SMOKING HELPS ME DO THIS.



BUT, DID YOU EVER SMOKE, MR. COLE?

SURE, RED, I'VE TRIED IT, BUT IT CUT MY WIND, SO I CUT IT. TIP-TOP SHAPE MEANS TRAIN ALL THE TIME. THINK IT OVER, BOYS. SO LONG.



SATISFIED, RED? AND YOU'LL SEE AT THE SOCCER GAME SATURDAY, HE'LL BE THE BEST MAN ON THE FIELD!

HUH! NO BETTERN BARK HALL, OR SIMBA KARNO. I'M RIGHT, EH, WHITEY?



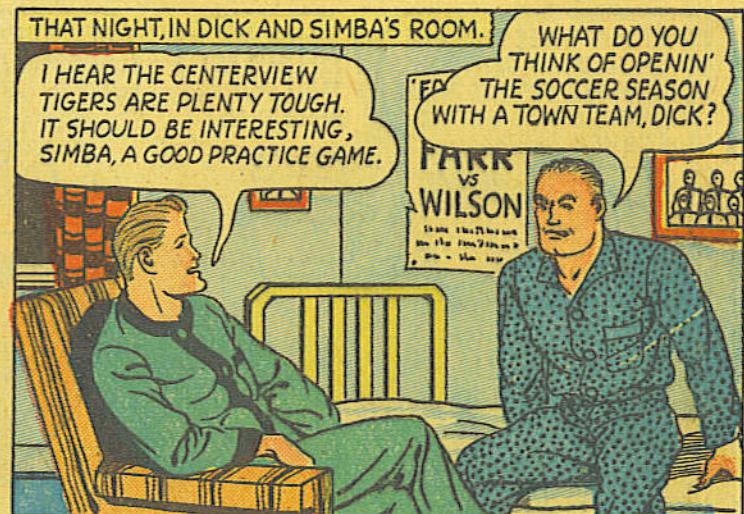
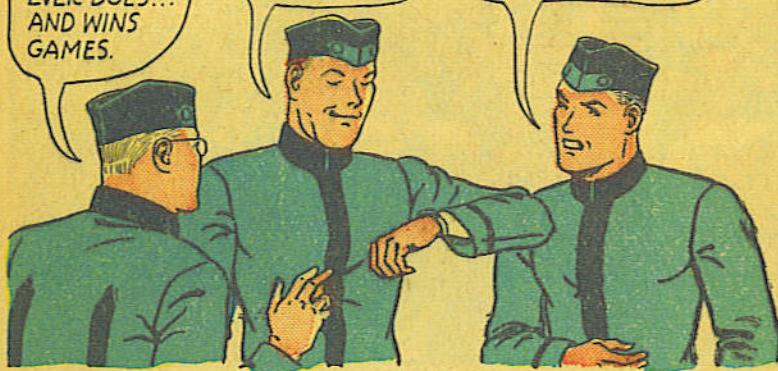
QUESTION No. 1. After the U. S., what country produces the most tobacco?

WELL-L-L... COLE, SOMEHOW, ALWAYS PULLS SOMETHING NO ONE ELSE EVER DOES... AND WINS GAMES.

AW, THAT'S JUST LUCK. WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH NOT SMOKIN', HEH?

LOTS, RED! I THINK COLE'S IN SUCH FINE SHAPE HE'S GOT THE EXTRA ZUMPH THAT DELIVERS THE MAIL!

I'LL BET YOU BOTH A BOX OF GRAM-GOODIES THAT DICK COLE DOESN'T DO ANY MORE TO WIN THE GAME SATURDAY THAN ANY ONE ELSE!



I HEAR THEY PLAY RINGERS. OH, CARL'S SICK AND COACH SAYS YOU ARE TO PLAY HIS POSITION OF GOALIE.

ME? GOOD GRIEF! WELL, IF THE TIGERS ARE HOT, THAT JOB WILL BE FUN!

SATURDAY MORNING. RED IS HEADED FOR CENTERVIEW ON AN ERRAND FOR PROF. HOLT. AT STOP 2, FOUR MEN BOARD THE BUS.

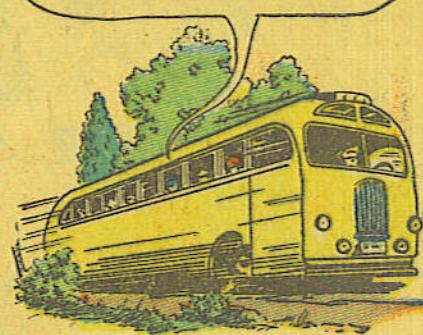
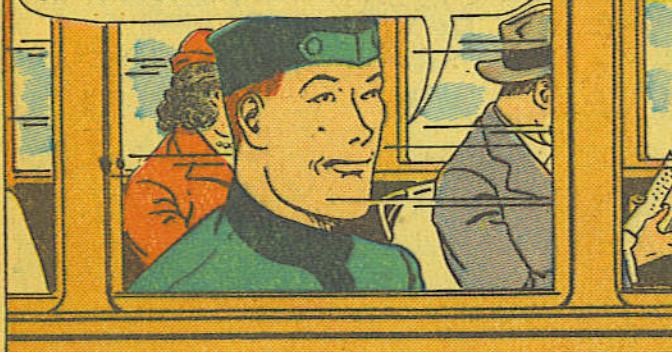
THE FOUR SEAT THEMSELVES NEAR RED, AND—



RED DISCHARGES HIS ERRAND AND CATCHES THE NEXT BUS
BACK TO FARR—

THE CENTERVIEW TIGERS HAVE HIRED
THOSE GUYS I CAME OVER WITH, FOR THE FARR
GAME. WHY, THAT MAKES 'EM PROS! GOSH, I
BETTER TELL THE COACH ABOUT THIS!

BUT... IT'S ONLY A TOWN TEAM, SO,
WHAT'S THE DIFF?... WOW! WHEN
THOSE BABIES MEET MISTER
COLE, THEY'LL SURE SMOKE HIM!
NO, SIR, I'M KEEPIN' MUM, 'CAUSE
THIS IS GONNA BE GOOD!



1:30 P.M. SATURDAY. THE CENTERVIEW TIGERS ARRIVE AT FARR M.A.

I'M COACH BRADLY. THESE ARE TOWN
BOYS, I PRESUME, CAPTAIN HELLER?

SURE THING! STRICTLY
AMATOOR. WE DON'T
PLAY RINGERS!

FINE. NOW,
MANAGER
TODLEY
WILL SHOW
YOU TO THE
GYM.
GAME TIME
IS 2:15.



THE GYM. 2:05 P.M.

FELLOWS, THIS OUGHT TO
BE GRAY-BUT, WE GOT
TO BEAT FARR BY FIVE
POINTS, SO, ROUGH
'EM UP IF YOU HAVE
TO... CATCH?

SURE! WE WON'T
PUT ONLY HALF
OF 'EM IN THE
HOSPITAL!



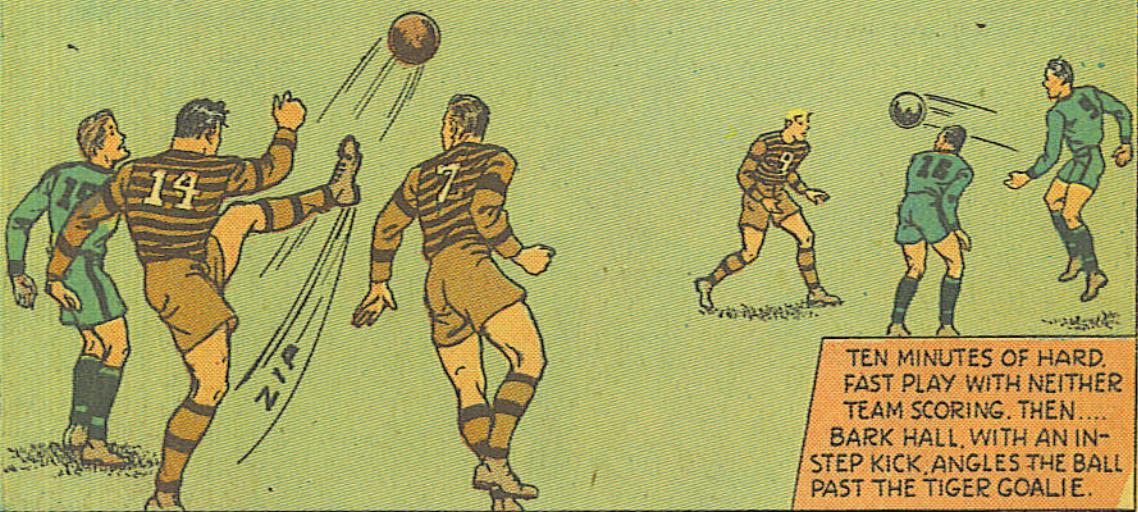
2:15 P.M.

LOOK, RED,
HERE COME
THE TIGERS!
GEE! THEY'RE
RUGGED! HEY!
DICK COLE
IS GOALIE!

YEAH, I
SEE. I BET
HE WISHES
HE'D STOOD
IN BED! HOLD
THE CHAPEAU—
HERE WE GO!



THE WHISTLE
SHRILLS AND
THE GAME
IS ON—

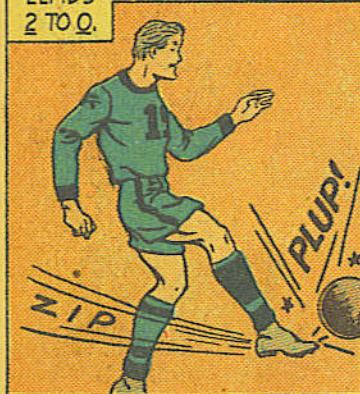


TEN MINUTES OF HARD,
FAST PLAY WITH NEITHER
TEAM SCORING. THEN....
BARK HALL, WITH AN IN-
STEP KICK, ANGLES THE BALL
PAST THE TIGER GOALIE.



QUESTION
Are Association football and soccer similar?

PLAY IS RESUMED. JED JAXON COMING IN FOR BARK HALL... THEN... SLIP'RY MAKES GOOD A PENALTY KICK AND FARR LEADS 2 TO 0.

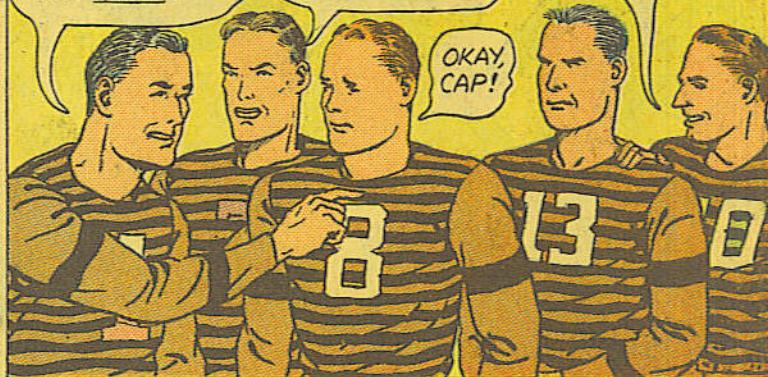


BETWEEN HALVES.

FLATTEN THE LEFT HALF AND THE GOALIE, BOYS, AND QUICK!

SAY! WE GOTTA GET GOIN'! FIVE POINTS, REMEMBER? THESE KIDS ARE GOOD - TOO GOOD!

BILL AND MELL FIX THE CENTER FORWARD NEXT TIMEOUT. HE GETS IN OUR HAIR!



THE SECOND HALF. SLIP'RY RACES FOR THE BALL ALONG THE SIDE LINES. SO DOES A TIGER HALFBACK.



SLIP'RY IS OUT COLD. WOW! WHATA SOC!

GET HIM TO THE GYM, BOYS.

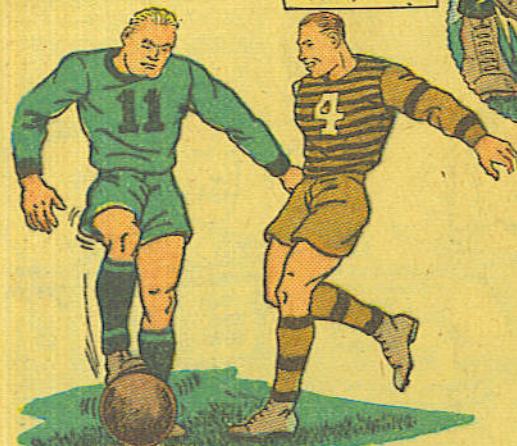
GOSH!



ANOTHER SUBSTITUTION - AND THE GAME GOES ON.



AS SIMBA TRAPS A SHORT PASS,
THE TIGER INSIDE RIGHT CHARGES
HIM, AND—



GOSH, FELLOWS, I
CAN'T PUT MY
WEIGHT ON IT!

THAT'S A
DARNED
TOUGH DEAL,
SIMBA!



AND IN THE
BACKGROUND—

THAT STEEL
INSET IN
THE TOE OF MY SHOE SURE
WORKED SWELL, EH, JACK?

AND HOW!
NOW TO GET
THE GOALIE.
AND EVERY-
THING WILL
BE JAKE!

GREAT GRIEF!
SIMBA'S OUT
OF THE GAME!

WE'RE LOSIN'
ALL OUR BEST
PLAYERS!

LOOKS LIKE
DIRTY WORK
TO ME.

WHO'S TAKIN'
SIMBA'S
PLACE, EH?

CHEER UP,
GANG. DICK
COLE'S STILL
PROTECTIN'
OUR LEAD
AT THE
GOAL!



A TIGER BACK PUNTS THE BALL FAR DOWN THE FIELD
TOWARDS THE FARR GOAL. TIGER FORWARDS SWARM
UNDER THE KICK—



BOY! WHAT A BOOT! IT'LL LAND
RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME...AND HALF
THE TIGER
TEAM WITH
IT. HERE
SHE COMES!

⑧



AS THE BALL BOUNCES IN FRONT OF THE GOAL, THE TIGER OUTSIDE RIGHT AND OUTSIDE LEFT CONVERGE AT TOP SPEED ON DICK.



WITH NO TIME TO HANDLE THE BALL, DICK SWINGS HIS FIST, WITH-



UNEXPECTED RESULTS!



GALLOPIN' GNATS! THEY'RE BOTH OUT LIKE A LIGHT!



THE REMAINING FIVE MINUTES OF THE GAME ARE PLAYED WITH NEITHER SIDE SCORING. THE FINAL WHISTLE FINDS FARR THE WINNER, 2 TO 0.

RAH! RAH!
FARR!

YEA-COLE!

LATER- WELL, FELLOWS, I'M SOLD! I'LL BELIEVE ANYTHING DICK COLE SAYS ON SMOKIN'... OR ANYTHING ELSE! ANY GUY WHO CAN SCRAMBLE TWO TOUGH EGGS WITH ONE SOC MUST BE ON THE BEAM!

6

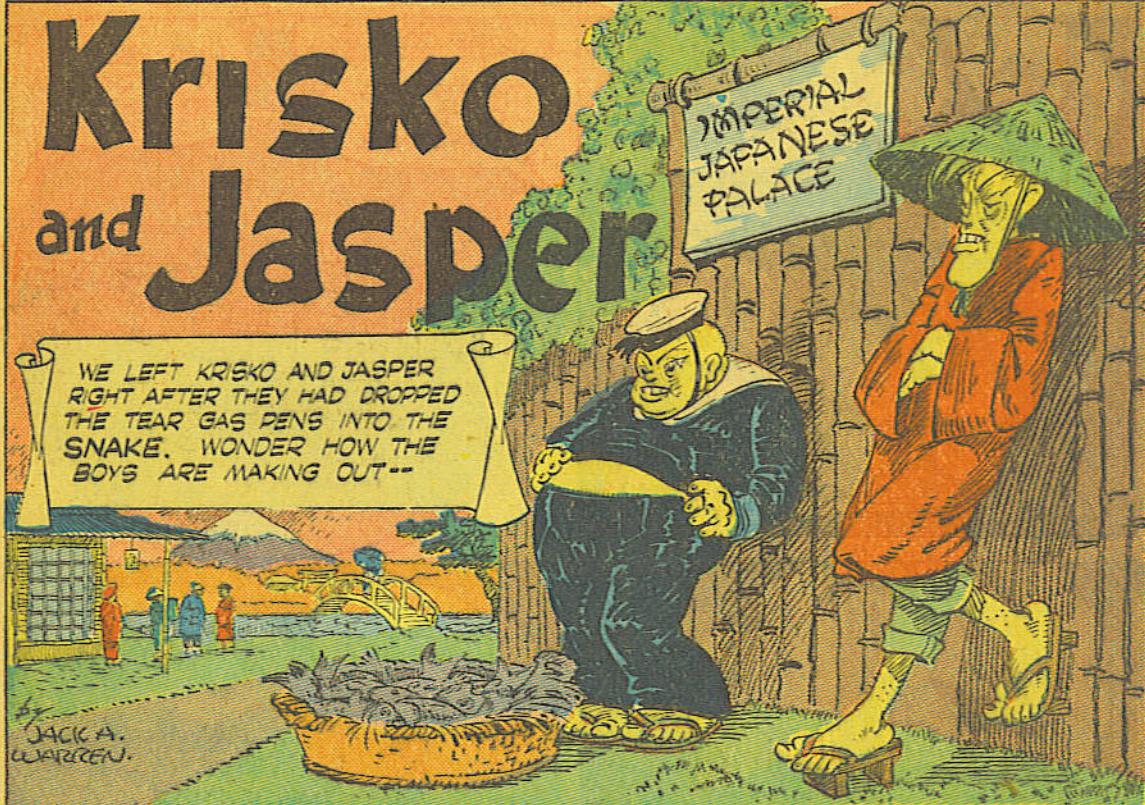
ALL OUT FOR VJ DAY, GANG! LET'S GO! *Dick*

Krisko and Jasper

WE LEFT KRISKO AND JASPER
RIGHT AFTER THEY HAD DROPPED
THE TEAR GAS PENS INTO THE
SNAKE. WONDER HOW THE
BOYS ARE MAKING OUT--

BY JACK A.
WALCEN.

IMPERIAL
JAPANESE
PALACE



IT WUZ TWO DAYS AGO WE
DROPPED THEM TEAR GAS PENS
INTO THE SNAKE. HOW DUZ
HEH HEH KEEP HITTIN' OFF
THE KNOTS?

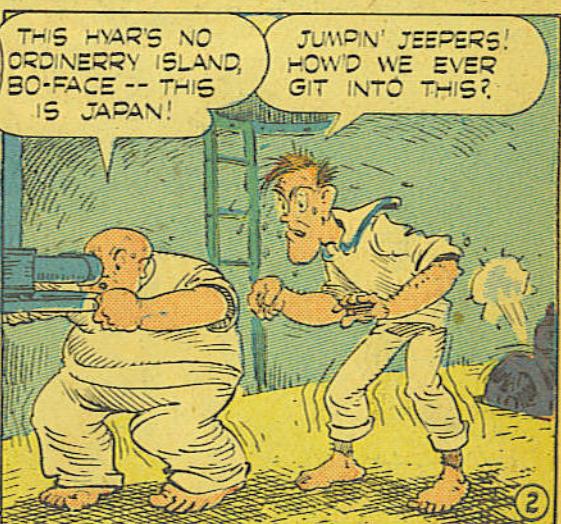
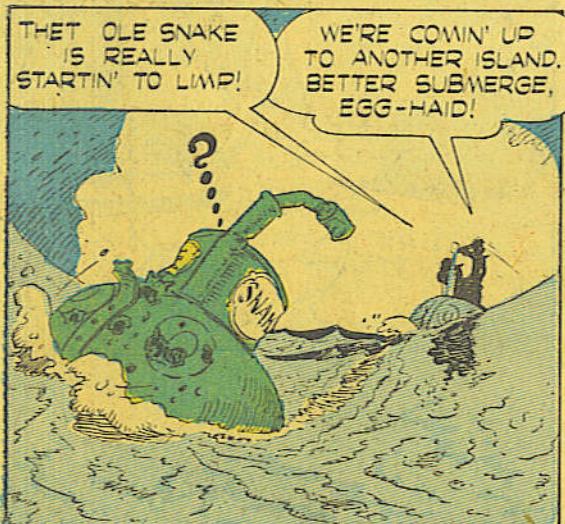
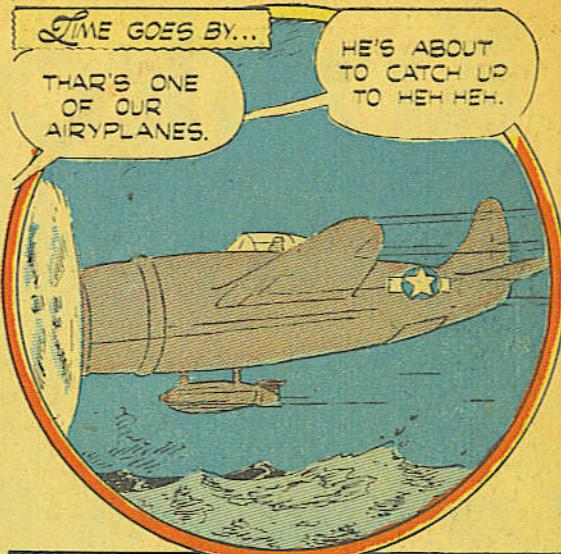
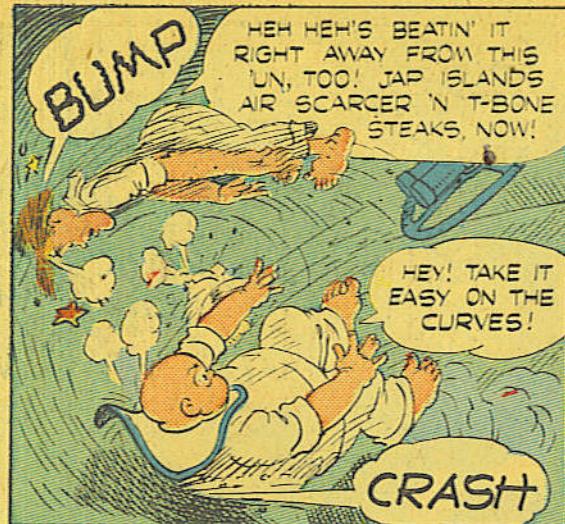
HEH
HEH--

STOP YERPING AND
YAMMERING--WE GOTTA
GET UP MORE SPEED!

WE'RE A COMIN' TO
ANOTHER ISLAND--
THERE'S AN AMERICAN
FLAG ON IT! YIPPEE!



THE WAR STAMPS BOUGHT BY YOU AND ME
CAN SINK JAPAN BENEATH THE SEA

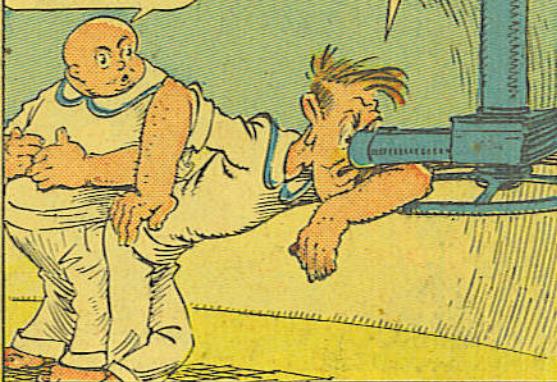


THROUGH THE
PERISCOPE WE SEE--



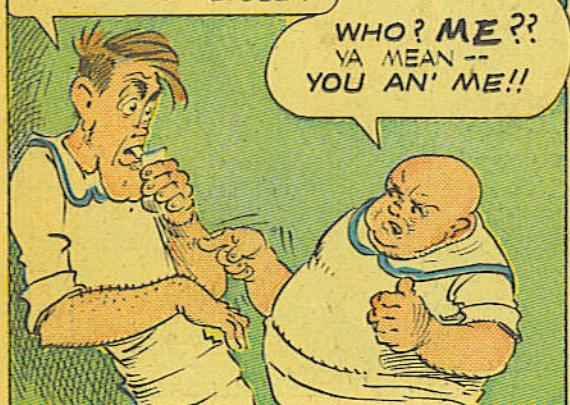
NO WONDER THEM TEAR GAS PENS
DIDN'T DO THE TRICK! HEH HEH'S
WEARIN' A GAS MASK!

I "GAS" YOU'RE
RIGHT!



ONEY ONE THING TA DO, DOOR-KNOB
HEAD--'N THAT'S TO WAIT 'TIL DARK.
THEN YOU GO ASHORE 'N CAPTURE
HEH HEH FEARLESSLY.

WHO? ME??
YA MEAN--
YOU AN' ME!!



YOU GOTTA GREAT
MIND. ONEY HOW'RE
WE GONNA ESCAPE
WITH HEH HEH?

CAN'T QUITE FIGGER
THET OUT. 'WE GOT
BY THEM DETECTION
MACHINES JUST CAUSE
WE WAS RIGHT IN THE
WAKE OF THE
SNAKE.

SCRATCH

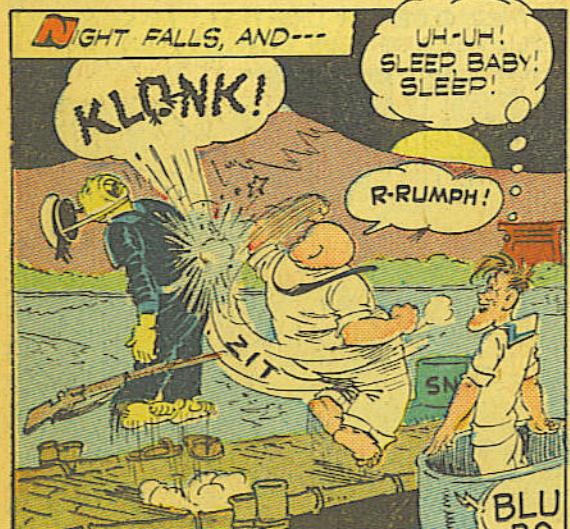


NIGHT FALLS, AND---

UH-UH!
SLEEP, BABY!
SLEEP!

R-RUMPH!

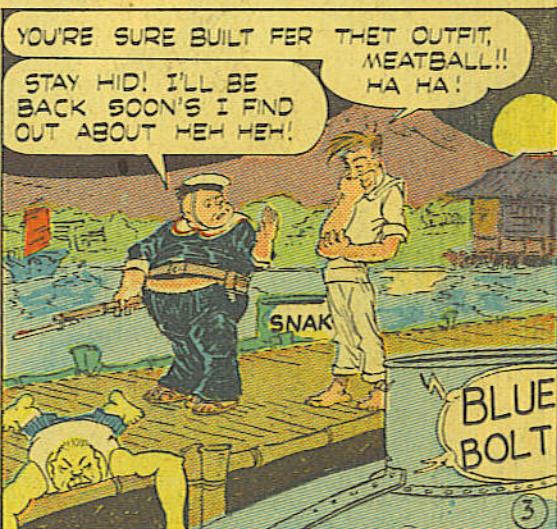
KLOKK!

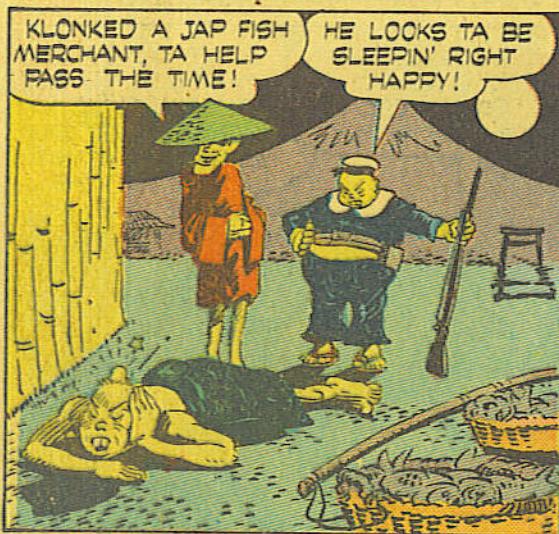


YOU'RE SURE BUILT FER THET OUTFIT,
MEATBALL!! HA HA!

STAY HID! I'LL BE
BACK SOON'S I FIND
OUT ABOUT HEH HEH!

BLUE
BOLT





THIS HYAR NOW FISH BASKET'LL TRICK 'EM.

THEY'LL THINK YO'RE A-BRINGIN' SPECIAL FISH 'N I'M GUARDIN' IT!



EVEN GOT A ROOM FOR THEIR FISH!



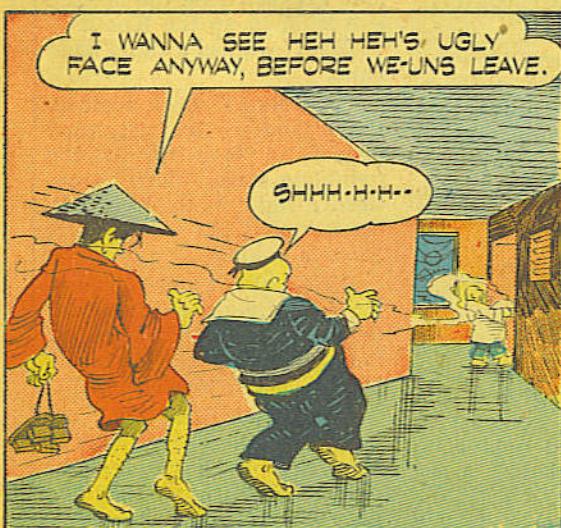
IF'N WE CAN FOLLOW ONE O' THEM WAITERS WITH THEM EGGS--

LEAVE US WALK TO THE NEAREST EGGSIT INSTEAD!



I WANNA SEE HEH HEH'S UGLY FACE ANYWAY, BEFORE WE-UNS LEAVE.

SHHH-H-H-H-



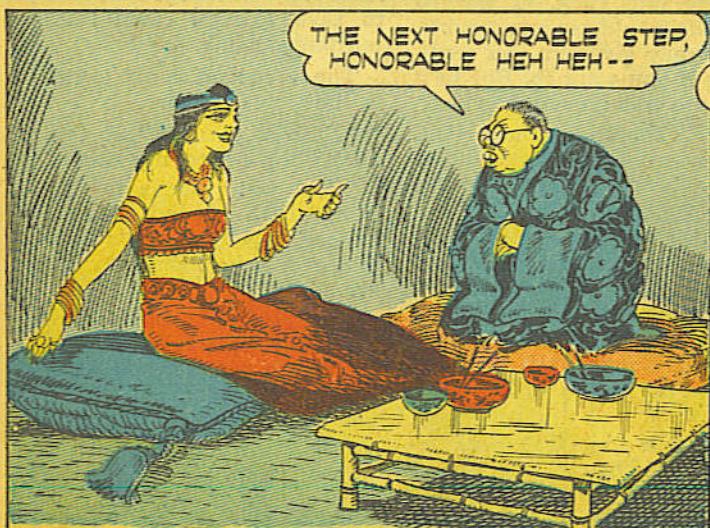
JUMPIN' JONAH! GIT A LOOK AT THET HEH HEH, JASPER!



THE NEXT HONORABLE STEP, HONORABLE HEH HEH--

OMIGOSH! HEH HEH'S A WOMAN!

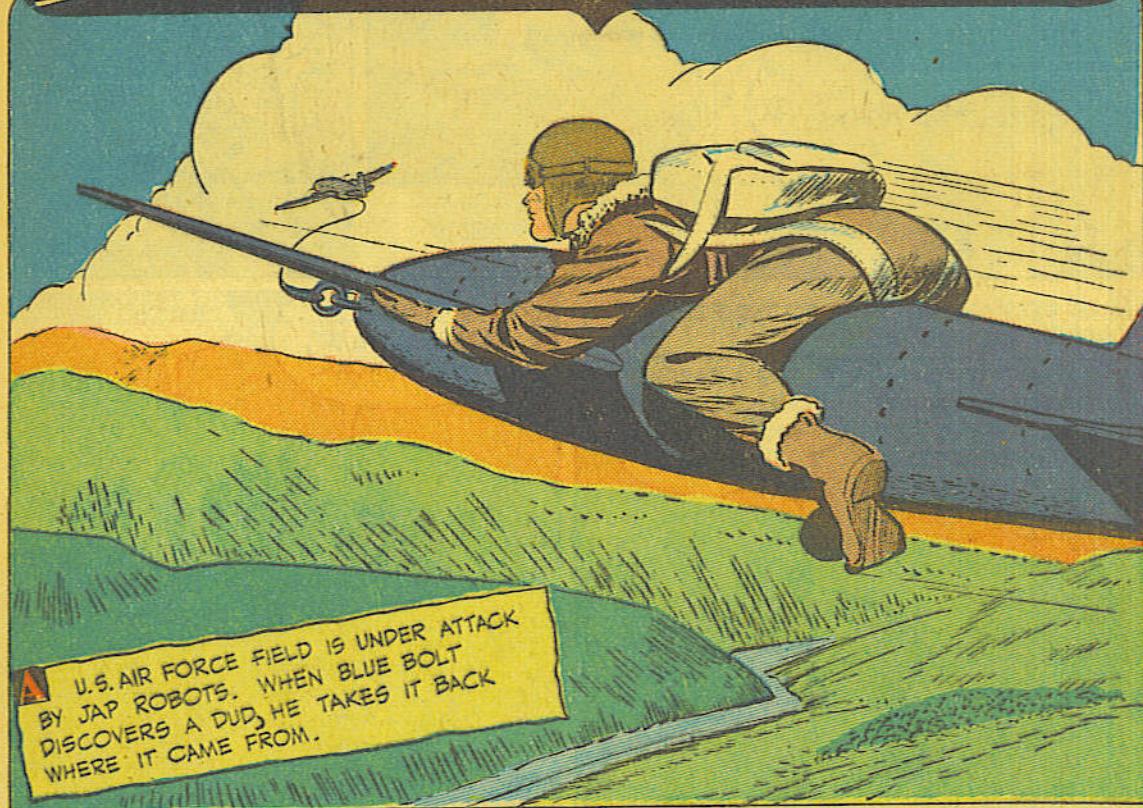
JEEPER'S CROW! WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?



LOOKS LIKE PLENTY OF EXCITEMENT AHEAD FOR KRISKO AND JASPER!!

BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN



AN AIR RAID SIREN SOUNDS THE ALERT AT A B-29 BASE ON THE ASIAN MAINLAND. THE NATIVES DROP EVERYTHING AND RUN FOR COVER.



ROBOTS AGAIN.
THEY'RE NOT CLOSE.
THE NIPS HAVEN'T
GOT THE RANGE.

BUT THEY SCARE
THE DICKENS OUT
OF THE
NATIVES!



BUYING BONDS IS ONE SURE WAY
OF HASTENING OUR VICTORY DAY

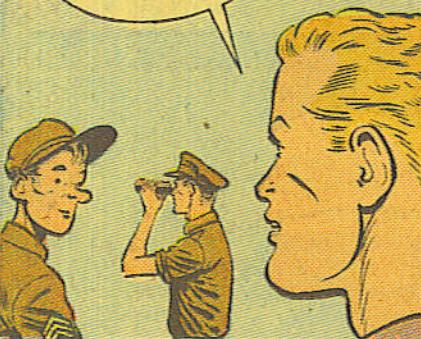
THE JAPS OVERSHOOT THE FIELD BY A QUARTER OF A MILE.

SEEMS TO ME ALL THE BUZZ BOMBS AREN'T EXPLDING.

APPROACH WITH CAUTION, BOYS. THERE MAY BE A DELAYED ACTION BOMB AMONG THEM.

I'D LIKE TO SEND IT BACK WHERE IT CAME FROM.

HM-M-M. THAT'S SOMETHING WORTH THINKING ABOUT. I'LL SPEAK TO MAJOR ROE, THE BALLISTICS EXPERT.



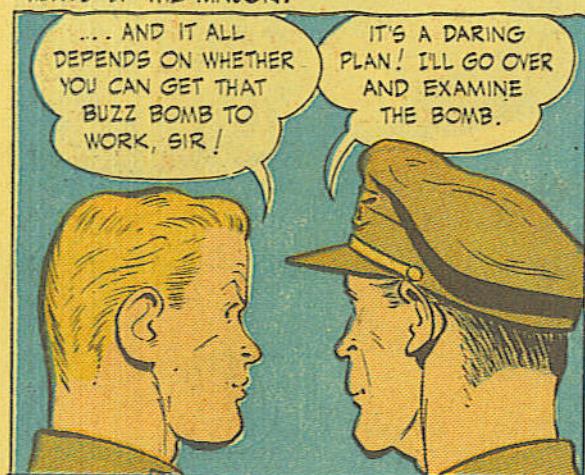
BLUET BOLT DASHES BACK TO THE FIELD AND HURTS UP THE MAJOR.

... AND IT ALL DEPENDS ON WHETHER YOU CAN GET THAT BUZZ BOMB TO WORK, SIR!

IT'S A DARING PLAN! I'LL GO OVER AND EXAMINE THE BOMB.

IF IT WERE CLEANED UP A BIT, IT WOULD WORK.

SWELL!



WHILE MAJOR ROE READIES THE ROBOT, BLUE BOLT VISITS A NEAR-BY AIRBORNE UNIT.....

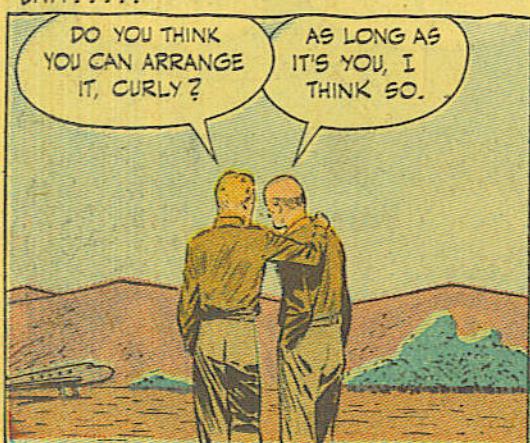
DO YOU THINK YOU CAN ARRANGE IT, CURLY?

AS LONG AS IT'S YOU, I THINK SO.

... AND SOON RETURNS.

THAT'S A C-47 COMING DOWN.

IT'S BLUE BOLT! NOBODY ELSE WOULD DARE LAND ON A FIELD LIKE THIS-- WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO?

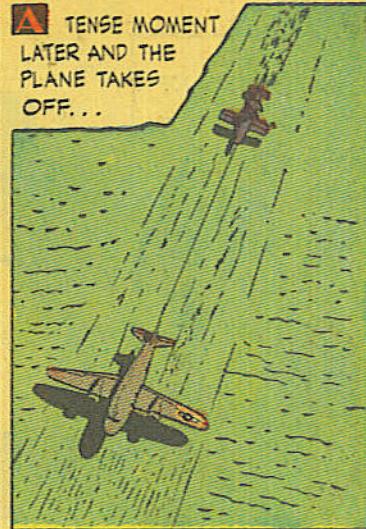


...AND WHEN WE'RE
OVER THE TARGET,
I'LL CUT THE BOMB
LOOSE. CHARLIE,
YOU'LL PILOT
THE PLANE.

WHY,
THAT'S
SUICIDAL!

BE SURE
THOSE HOOKS
WON'T GIVE.

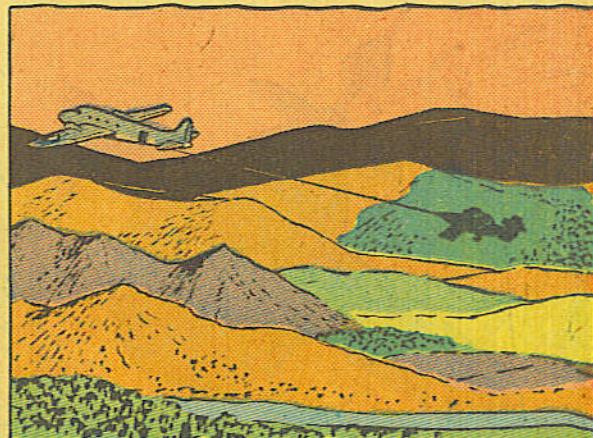
A TENSE MOMENT
LATER AND THE
PLANE TAKES
OFF...



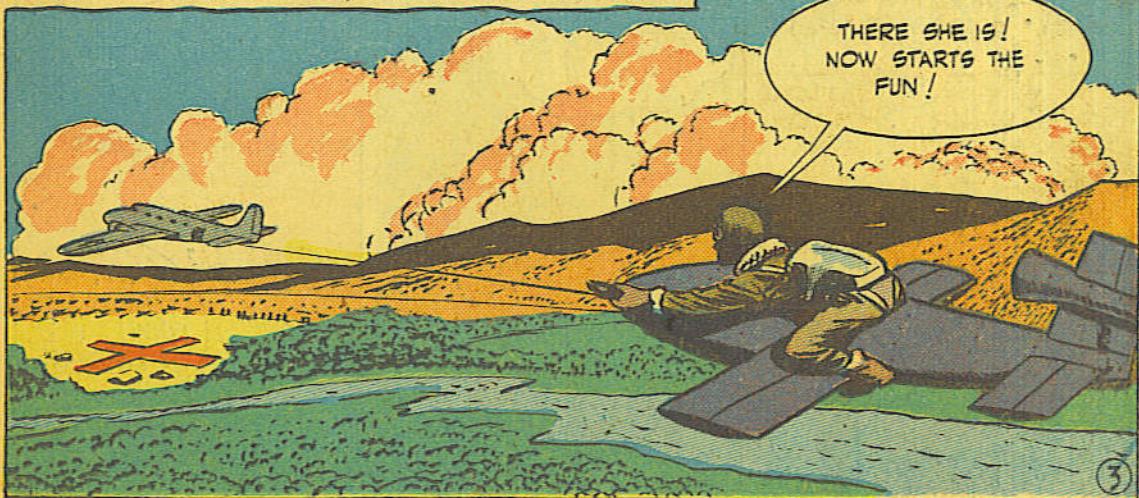
THEY BARELY CLEAR THE TREE TOPS --



THE PLANE HITS A TERRIFIC SPEED, AND BLUE
BOLT HUGS THE BOMB TO KEEP FROM BEING
SWEPT OFF.



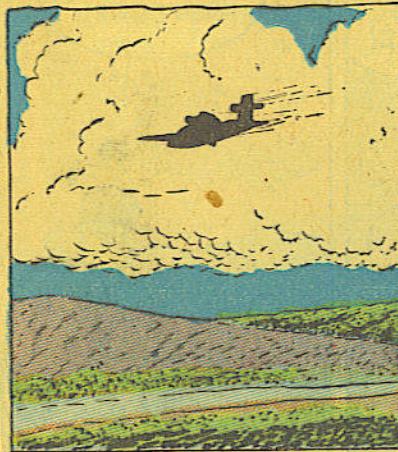
MANY SWIFT MILES FURTHER, BLUE BOLT CUTS THE CABLE --



(3)

...THE ACE AIRMAN DIRECTS THE BOMB SQUARELY AT THE ENEMY ROBOT LAUNCHING DEPOT.

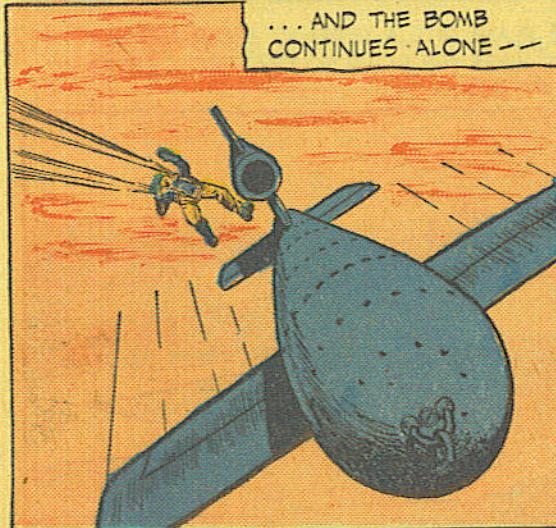
BY CLEVER MANIPULATION OF THE AILERONS...



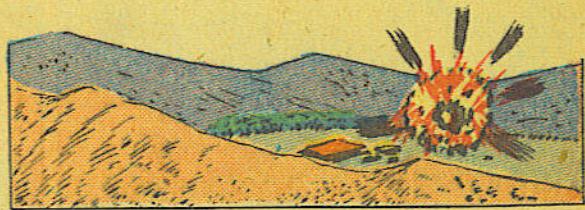
HE PULLS THE RIP CORD...



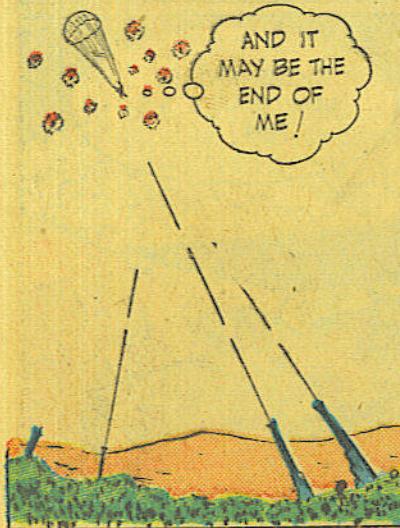
...AND THE BOMB CONTINUES ALONE --



THAT'S THE END OF THE BUZZ BOMBS!



AND IT MAY BE THE END OF ME!



NOW LOOK WHAT'S COMING! A JAP PLANE!



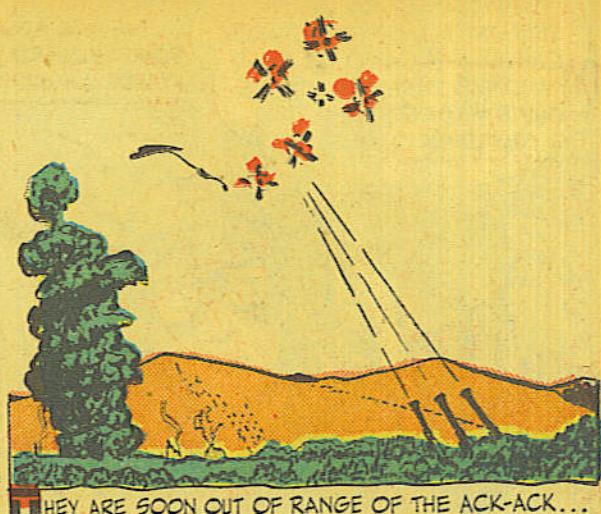
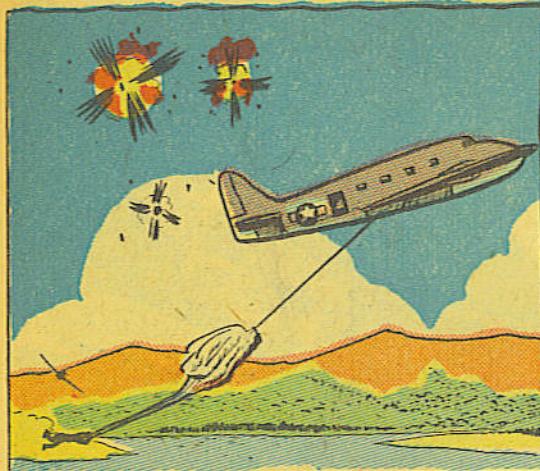
BUT CHARLIE SEES IT, TOO!

NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON! I HOPE I CAN GIVE HIM THE HOOK!

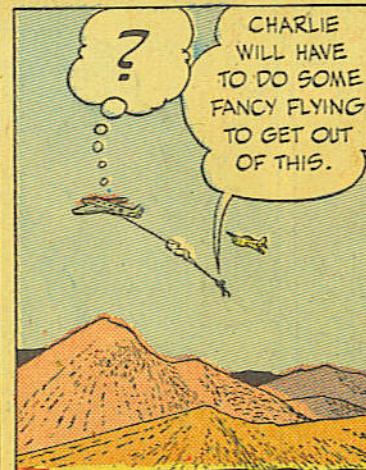


QUESTION No. 8 Were parachutes used during World War I?

THE DANGLING HOOK CATCHES THE STRANDS OF THE PARACHUTE....



...BUT THE NIP PLANE IS IN FULL PURSUIT.

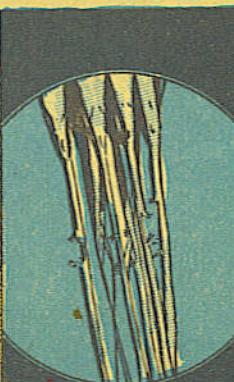
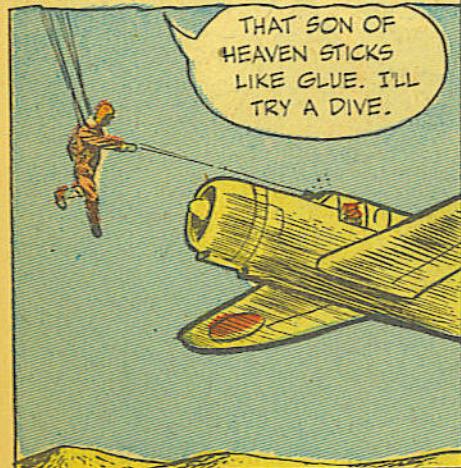


THE JAPS HAVE AN EASY TARGET.



CHARLIE TRIES TO SHAKE OFF HIS PURSUERS.

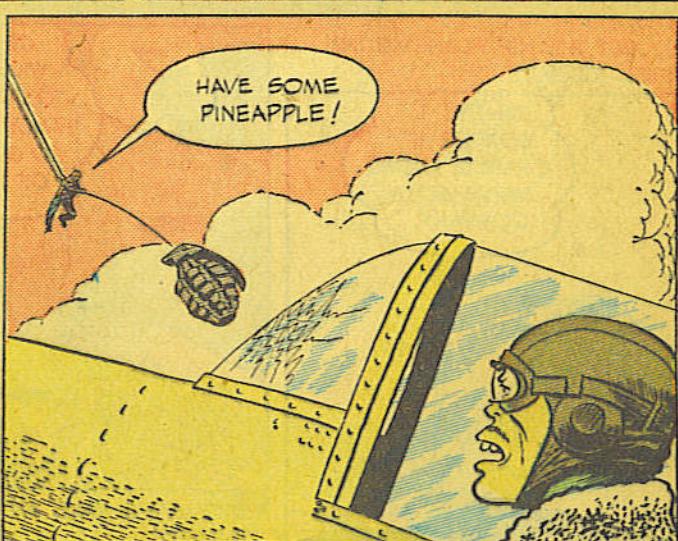
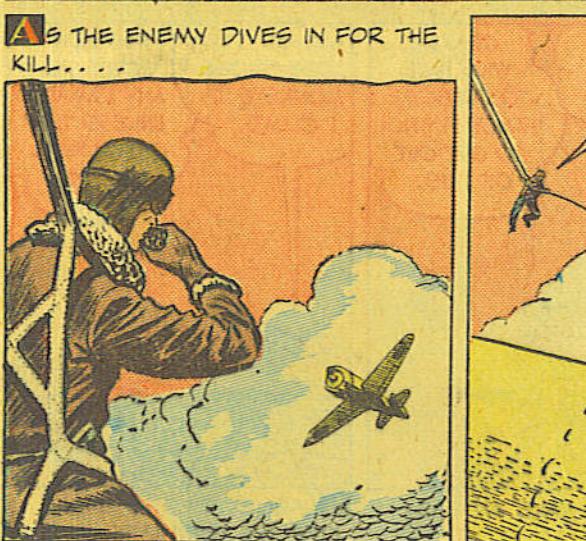
MINUTES LATER... BLUE BOLT HURLS HIS EMPTY GUN.



THE STRAIN IS TOO GREAT FOR THE PARACHUTE... THE SHROUDS BEGIN TO SNAP...



I HOPE MY LUCK HOLDS LONGER THAN THOSE STRANDS.



6
BUY THOSE BONDS! IT'S ONLY FAIR!
TO HELP OUR BOYS OVER THERE

Edison Bell



BUY EVERY BOND YOU CAN AFFORD
EACH ONE IS LIKE A MIGHTY SWORD



A FEW MINUTES LATER---

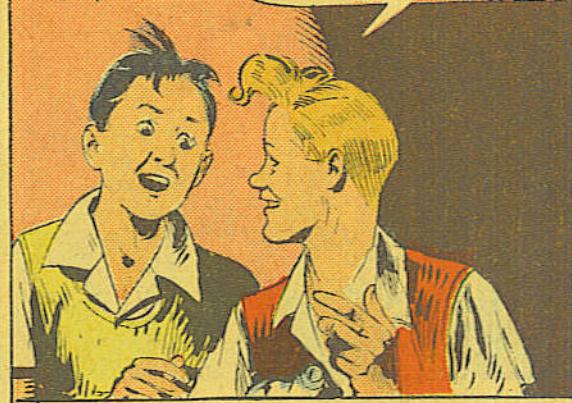
HELLO, MRS. BENTLY! MOM'S EXPECTING YOU!

I'M READY FOR HER, EDISON! I JUST BOUGHT THE DARLINGEST CONTRIBUTION!



WHAT'S ALL THIS, ED?

MOM'S CLUB, JERRY! THEY ALL CONTRIBUTE SOMETHING THEN MOM AUCTIONS IT OFF! IT'S FOR THE WAR FUND, I THINK!

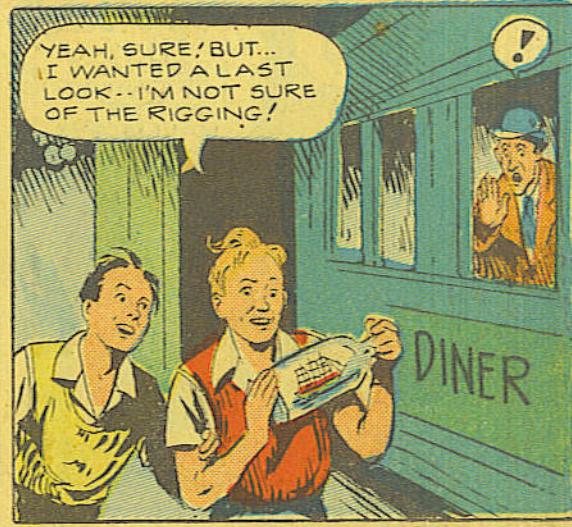


WELL, HERE WE ARE AND--JERRY! IT'S GONE!

BUT, ED, YOUR MODEL LOOKS OK!



YEAH, SURE, BUT... I WANTED A LAST LOOK--I'M NOT SURE OF THE RIGGING!



T--THAT KID! HE'S GOT THE MODEL!



I'LL TRAIL 'EM! GOTTA GET IT BACK BEFORE THE BOSS FINDS OUT OR HE'LL (ULP) SKIN ME!



WHEN THE BOYS ARRIVE AT ED'S HOUSE,
THEY FIND THE MEETING IN FULL SWING...

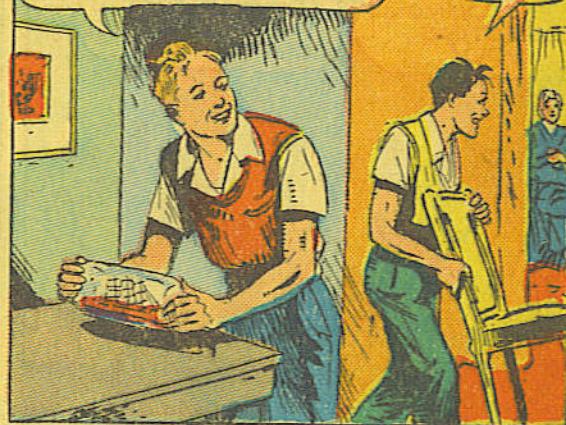
HI, MOM--ANYTHING
WE CAN DO?

WHY YES, SON,
WE DO NEED
MORE CHAIRS
INSIDE!



THIS WON'T TAKE LONG,
JERRY--THEN WE'LL GO
OUT TO THE SHOP OVER
THE GARAGE AND TAKE
A PHOTO OF THE MODEL!

SWELL!



WE'RE READY TO
PROCEED, LADIES--
ARE ALL GIFTS
ON THE TABLE?

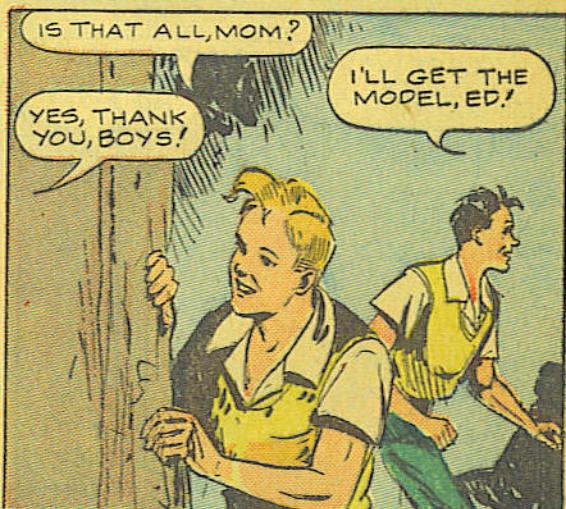
HOW STUPID
OF ME--I
MUST HAVE
LEFT MINE
IN THE
HALLWAY!



IS THAT ALL, MOM?

YES, THANK
YOU, BOYS!

I'LL GET THE
MODEL, ED!



?

GOT IT?



OH--HERE
IT IS...

RIGHT WITH
YOU, PAL!



4

QUESTION
No. 10. Is there a gavel on this page?

MEANWHILE --

IT'S SHIFTY, BOSS! HE
SAID SOME BRAT WALKED
OFF WITH THE MODEL! HE
TAILED 'IM TO HIS HOUSE--
NOW WHAT?

THAT
CLUCK!
GIMME THE
PHONE!



A BUNCH OF DAMES AT A
MEETING, EH?--WELL, PULL
THE MESSENGER GAG--
WE'LL BE WAITIN' FOR
YOU IN THE ALLEY!

TANKS,
BOSS!



A FEW MINUTES LATER---

A PACKAGE FOR
THE LADY OF
THE HOUSE!

OH--COME
IN!



SHIFTY MAKES A BREAK FOR IT OUT
THE BACK WAY TO THE WAITING SEDAN--

STOP,
THIEF!

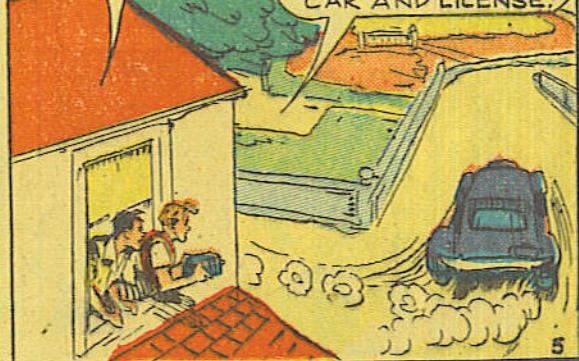
EEK!
HELP!



THE SCREAMS ATTRACT THE BOYS'
ATTENTION IN TIME TO SEE THE CAR
SPEED AWAY---

WHAT'S UP
ED?

I DON'T KNOW---
BUT I GOT A
PICTURE OF THE
CAR AND LICENSE!



ANSWER
No. 10. In panel 3, the object in Mrs. Bell's hand is a gavel.

ED AND JERRY RUN INTO THE HOUSE---

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, MRS. BENTLY?

WE SAW THE CAR SPEED AWAY, AND--



WELL! HE DIDN'T GET IT AFTER ALL! I'LL TAKE THAT, YOUNG MAN!

HUH? BUT THIS IS EDDIE'S!



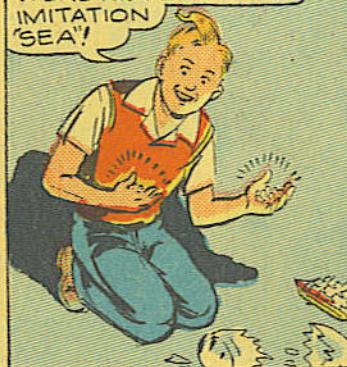
IT IS NOT! IT'S MINE! I--

OOPS!



SILENCE FOLLOWS THE CRASH--THEN COMES PANDEMONIUM AS ED DISCOVERS----

DIAMONDS! THEY WERE HIDDEN IN THE Imitation SEA!



THIS IS WHAT THE THIEF WAS AFTER, MOM --- LUCKILY THE MODELS WERE SWITCHED!

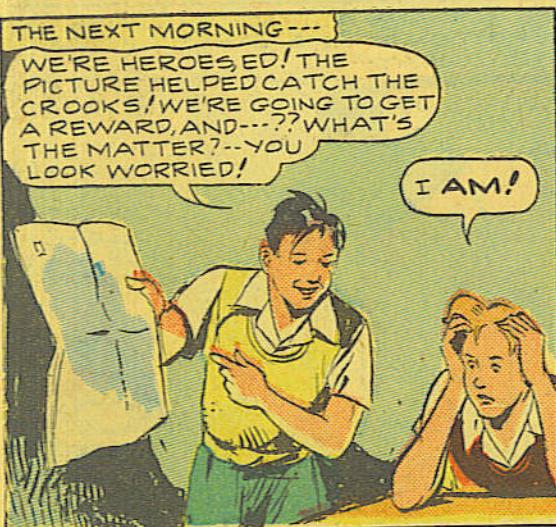
I--I'M GOING TO CALL THE POLICE!



THE NEXT MORNING---

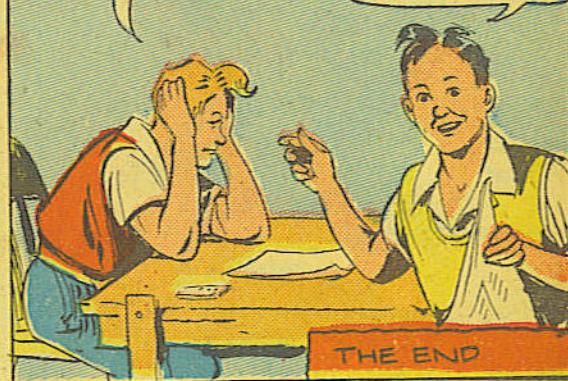
WE'RE HEROES, ED! THE PICTURE HELPED CATCH THE CROOKS! WE'RE GOING TO GET A REWARD, AND---? WHAT'S THE MATTER?--YOU LOOK WORRIED!

I AM!



IT TOOK ME A WHOLE WEEK TO MAKE THAT MODEL--I HOPE THEY HAVEN'T BROKEN IT!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH A GUY LIKE THAT?



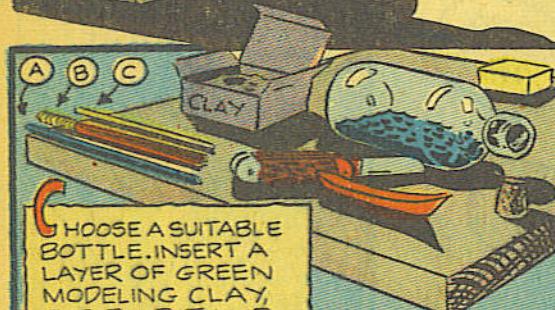
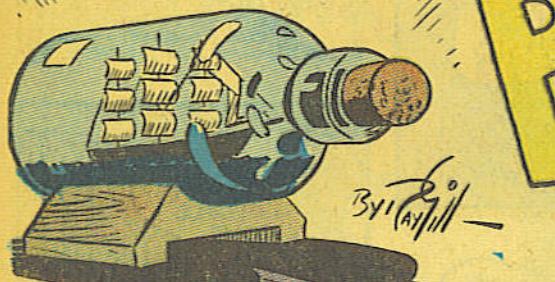
THE END

QUESTION
No. 11. Was Pandemonium, meaning wild tumult, ever considered a place?

SHHH!

HERE IS EDDIE BELL'S SECRET,
SIMPLIFIED WAY TO MAKE A MODEL

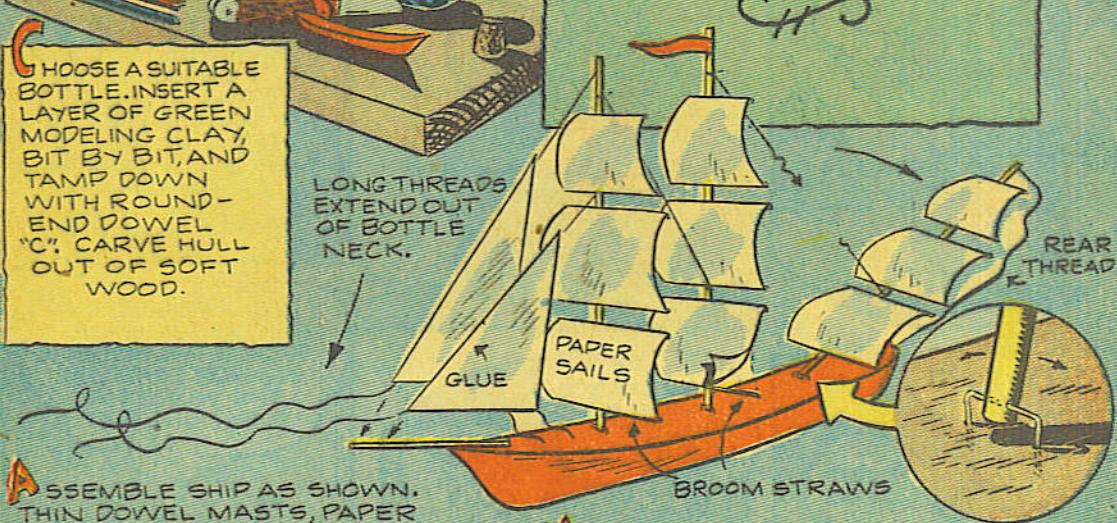
SHIP-IN-A BOTTLE



CHOOSE A SUITABLE BOTTLE. INSERT A LAYER OF GREEN MODELING CLAY, BIT BY BIT, AND TAMP DOWN WITH ROUND-END DOWEL "C". CARVE HULL OUT OF SOFT WOOD.

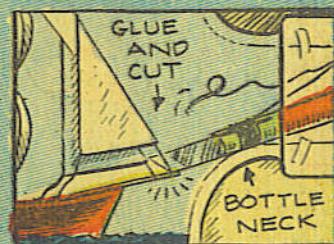
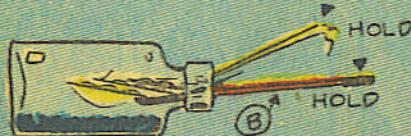
LONG THREADS EXTEND OUT OF BOTTLE NECK.

THIS FAVORITE OF SOUVENIR HUNTERS FOR COUNTLESS YEARS MAY NOW BE YOURS --- AND MADE BY YOU! ELABORATE AS MUCH AS YOU WISH. THE PLANS HERE HAVE BEEN GREATLY SIMPLIFIED.



ASSEMBLE SHIP AS SHOWN. THIN DOWEL MASTS, PAPER SAILS GLUED TO BROOM. STRAW BOOMS. BOOMS ARE GLUED TO MASTS.

MASTS FOLD BACK ON SIMPLE STAPLE HINGE. BURN HOLES WITH HOT NEEDLE. NOTE SIMPLIFIED RIGGING.



INSERT SHIP WITH LONG STICK TWEEZERS "B", MASTS FOLDED BACK, AND SET FIRMLY IN CLAY. PULL MASTS UP WITH LONG THREADS. REAR THREAD IS FIXED LENGTH. GLUE THREADS TO BOWSPRIT AND CUT.



TRICKY MATCHBOX

Place it on the back of your hand and say the Magic Word and Lo and behold

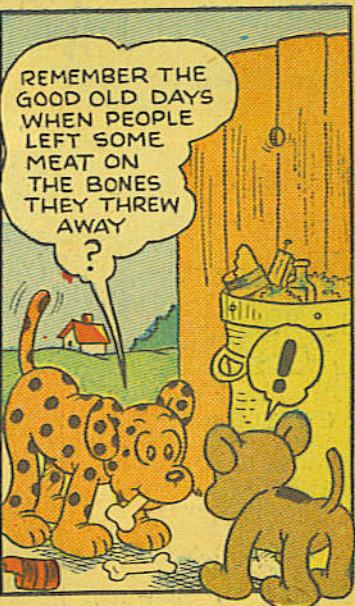
IT TURNS COMPLETELY AROUND!

IT STANDS! IT OPENS!

A magical sensation. Complete with Easy to do directions. 25c postpaid.

THE MAGICIAN,

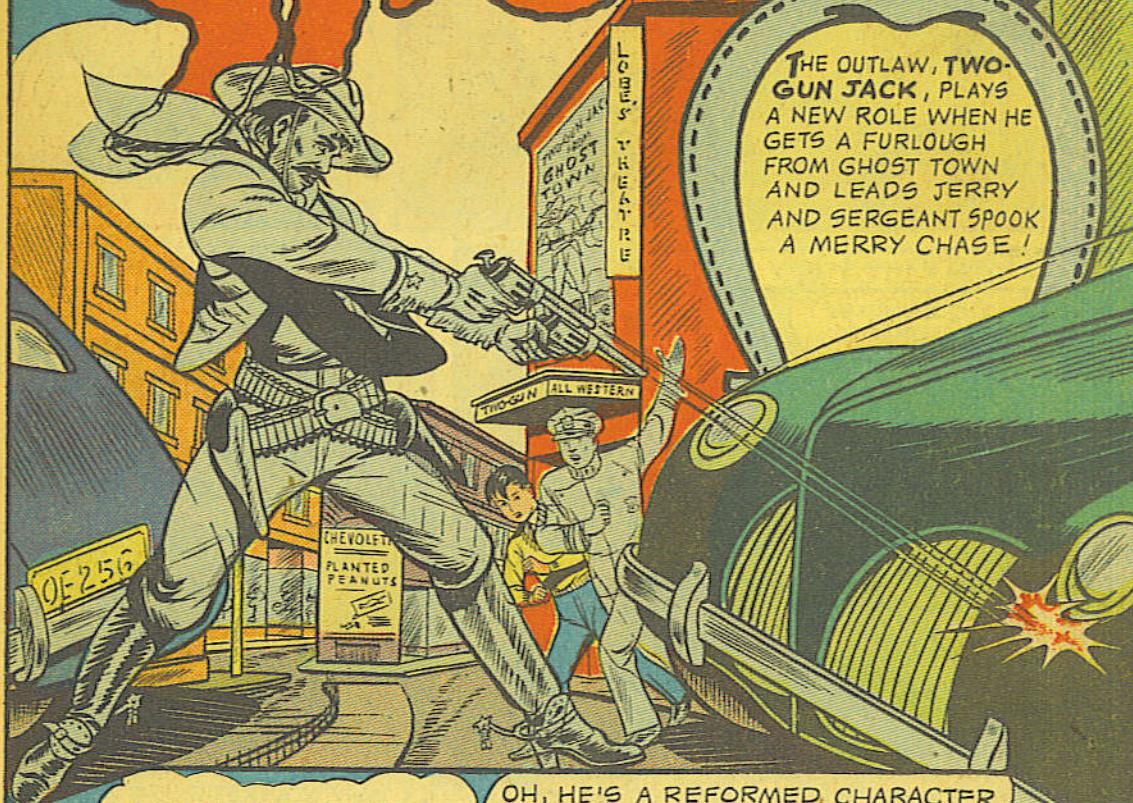
MX 2463 Kensington Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.



BUY WAR BONDS, ONE AND ALL!
GUARANTEE JAPAN'S QUICK FALL

Sergeant Spook

THE OUTLAW, TWO-GUN JACK, PLAYS A NEW ROLE WHEN HE GETS A FURLough FROM GHOST TOWN AND LEADS JERRY AND SERGEANT SPOOK A MERRY CHASE!



BOY-- THIS GUY MUST HAVE BEEN A TOUGH HOMBRE!

OH, HE'S A REFORMED CHARACTER NOW, JERRY! IF YOU'D LIKE TO MEET HIM, I'LL BRING HIM IN FROM GHOST TOWN TONIGHT!

GOSH, SPOOK, WOULD YOU?



WAR BONDS BOUGHT BY EVERYONE
ARE SURE TO SET THAT "RISING SUN"

SO, THAT NIGHT, SPOOK ARRIVES
AT JERRY'S HOUSE . . .

(GULP)
H-HELLO,
SPOOK
AND
T-TWO-
GUN J-
JACK.

HI, JERRY -- I PERSUADED
TWO-GUN TO COME
ALONG!
GLAD TO MEET
YOU, JERRY!

TWO-GUN JACK MAKES
HIMSELF AT HOME --

TELL
ME ABOUT
THE
INDIANS?

NICE
BED
YOU'VE
GOT
HERE,
SONNY!

INJUNS ?? WHERE?
I'LL SHOOT THE
VARMINTS ! WHY,
I REMEMBER
BACK IN TEXAS
WHEN...

TWO-GUN TELLS HIS STORY --

NOW HAND DOWN THET
THAR GOLD BOX OR
I'LL DRILL YUH
LIKE SIEVES!

H- HERE
YUH ARE,
TWO-GUN!

OFF TO THE HILLS, BLACK
STREAK - I'LL CACHE THIS
HERE GOLD TILL I GOT
ENUF TO RETIRE!

HERE'S MY GOOD OLD
HIDIN' PLACE -- NO ONE
BUT ME KNOWS ABOUT
IT!

INJUNS!! TH'
CONSARNED
THIEVES
WAS
ASPYIN'
ON ME!

WHOOP!
SCALPUM
PALEFACE!

WHY, YOU REDSKINS ARE
JUS' ORNERY CROOKS!
I'LL SHOW YUH THET IT
AIN'T SO EASY TO STEAL
FROM TWO-GUN!

QUESTION
No. 12. Why were the natives of newly-discovered America called Indians?

YUP -- THIS IS A RIGHT PLEASANT WAY FER A HE-MAN TUH SPEND A DAY!

PALEFACE GO TO ' HAPPY HUNTING GROUND !!'

UMPH -- THEY GOT ME!

ME TAKEUM GOLD!

ME TAKEUM SCALP!

AND THAT'S WHERE TWO-GUN ENDS HIS STORY--

THEY KILLED YOU?! BUT, IN THE BOOK IT SAYS...

HUH-- WHAT DOES A BOOK KNOW?

IT WAS TWO DAYS LATER, JERRY, THET I HELD UP THE HOUSTON BANK! GORSH, THET WAS SOME ROBBERY!

WHAT?

OH, SAY, NOW--HOW COULD YOU ROB A BANK IF YOU WERE DEAD?

YOU DON'T NEED ME HERE, AND I'VE GOT A CASE IN NIGHT TRAFFIC COURT AT GHOST TOWN!

I'LL ENTERTAIN HIM, SERGEANT!

D.D. I.P.D.

HA! HA!

OH, JERRY -- TWO-GUN IS PRESIDENT OF THE GHOST TOWN LIARS CLUB! I JUST THOUGHT YOU

MIGHT LIKE TO KNOW!

I SEE -- HA! HA! THANKS, SPOOK!

AS SOON AS SPOOK IS SAFELY AWAY, TWO-GUN GETS BUSY...

SAY, WHAT'RE YOU GOT A PUTTING YOUR GUN BELTS ON FOR?

OH, I'VE GOT A LITTLE JOB TO DO HERE IN THE WORLD!

BUT, GOSH-- SPOOK WILL BE AWFULLY MAD AT ME!

OH, DON'T RILE YOURSELF-- I'LL BE BACK BEFORE HE IS!

BUT, WHEN SPOOK RETURNS...

HELLO, JERRY -- YOU LOOK WORRIED. WHERE'S TWO-GUN?

OH, SPOOK!

TWO-GUN LEFT -- HE SAID HE HAD A JOB TO DO!

HMM-- I WONDER IF... HE'S BEEN TELLING A STORY IN GHOST TOWN ABOUT HIS GRANDSON GETTING MIXED UP WITH CROOKS! THE BOY WORKS IN A BANK.

I THINK WE'D BETTER FIND TWO-GUN BEFORE HE GETS INTO ANY TROUBLE!

HE LEFT ABOUT AN HOUR AGO AND HEADED TOWARDS MAIN STREET!

AN HOUR? WHEW!! HE COULD UPSET THE WHOLE CITY IN THAT TIME!

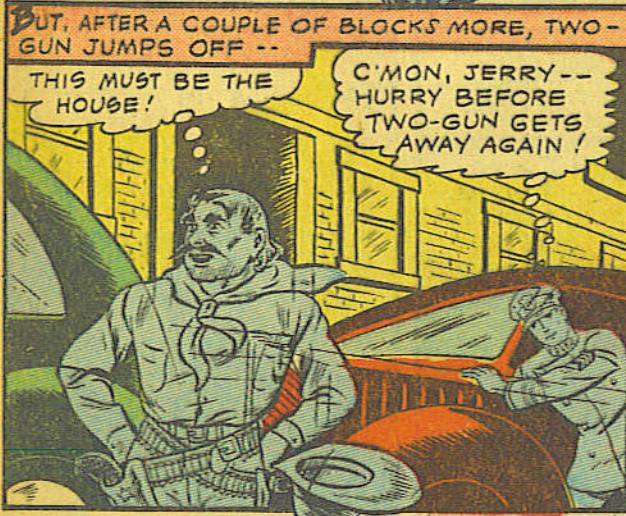
SPOOK AND JERRY HAVE LITTLE TROUBLE FINDING THE OLD WESTERNER, HOWEVER, ONCE THEY REACH MAIN STREET! FOR...

SPOOK! THERE HE IS! GOSH, HE'LL KILL SOMEONE!

NO-- HE'S ONLY SHOOTING GHOST BULLETS!

KEEP AWAY FROM ME-- I AIN'T AIMIN' TUH BE STAMPEDED!

QUESTION
No. 13. Were gun holsters ever worn on saddles?



WA'AL, EVEN IF HE'S A
GOODY-GOODY, I'LL
HELP HIM
TUH HEY --
FIGHT!
WHAT
HAPPENED?



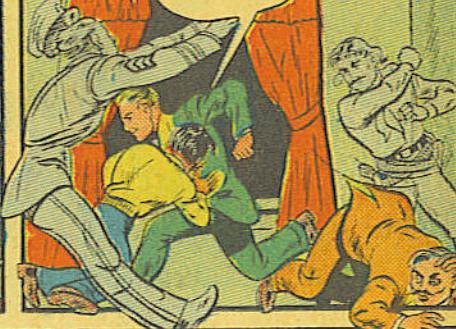
YUP -- I ALLUS DID
GO FER A GOOD
FIGHT -- ONLY THIS
GUY AIN'T FIGHTIN'
BACK!

I-I DON'T
UNDERSTAND
THIS!



I'M GETTIN'
THE POLICE!

UGH!



RELAX, TWO-GUN...
HE CAN'T HEAR YOU!
YOUR GRANDSON
ISN'T PSYCHIC!

TOO BAD
HE ISN'T!



SPOOK, JERRY AND TWO-GUN FOLLOW THE BOY OUT OF THE HOUSE, BUT WHEN THEY REACH THE STREET --

THERE'S MORE OF THEM
HURRY, WE'LL FOLLOW
CROOKS, SPOOK!
THEY'VE GOT
MY BOY!



THEY'RE
STILL
IN THERE--
C'MON,
WE'LL
STOP
THEM IN
TIME!

THIS IS
THE
BANK,
SPOOK...
BUT WE
LOST
'EM IN
THE
TRAFFIC...



LET'S GO! IF'N THEY'VE
HARMED MY GRANDSON,
SPOOK -- I AIN'T GONNA
BE RESPONSIBLE...



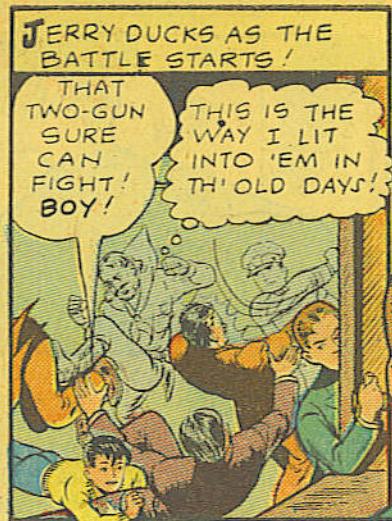
THE STRANGE TRIO ENTER THE BANK...

A KID! HEY,
BEAT IT, SONNY!
YOU AIN'T GOT
NO BUSINESS
HERE!

HOW'LL WE GO
ABOUT THIS,
SPOOK?

JERRY AND
I HAVE A
SYSTEM -- AND
THE CROOKS
ALWAYS THINK
JERRY IS A
LITTLE SUPERBRAT!

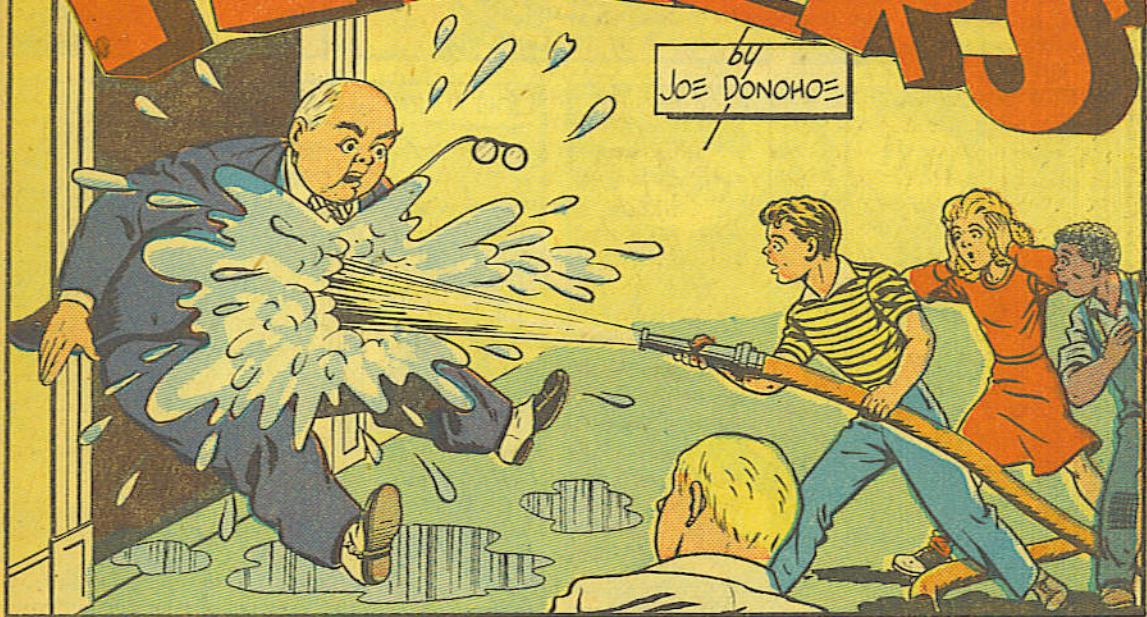




THE END.

FEARLESS FELLERS

by JOE DONOHUE



HE FEARLESS FELLERS HURRY TO SCHOOL --

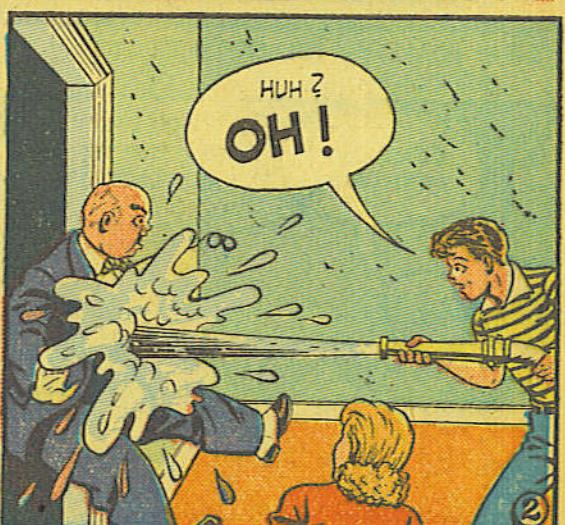


HEY, WHAT'S COOKIN' 'ROUND HERE?

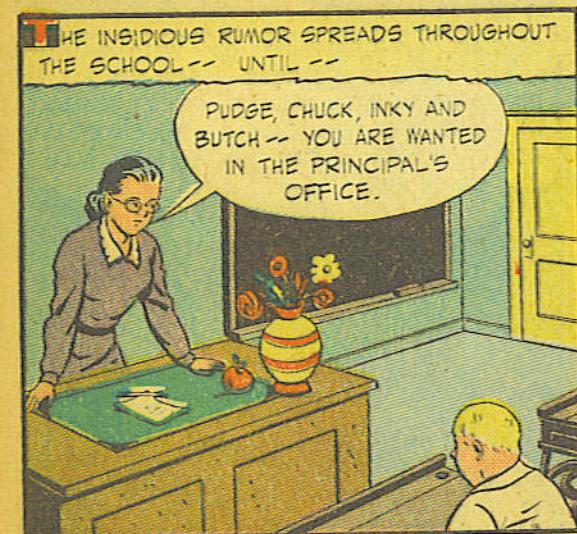
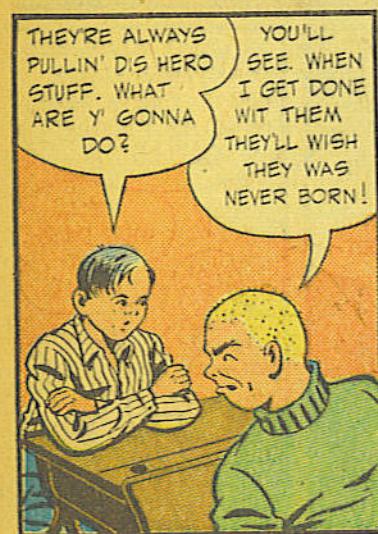
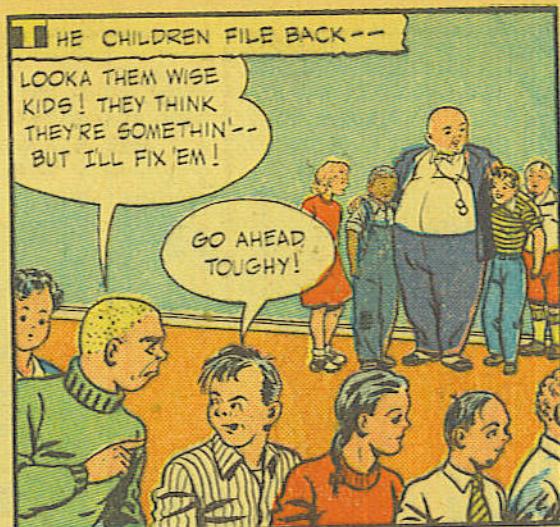
I SMELL SMOKE!



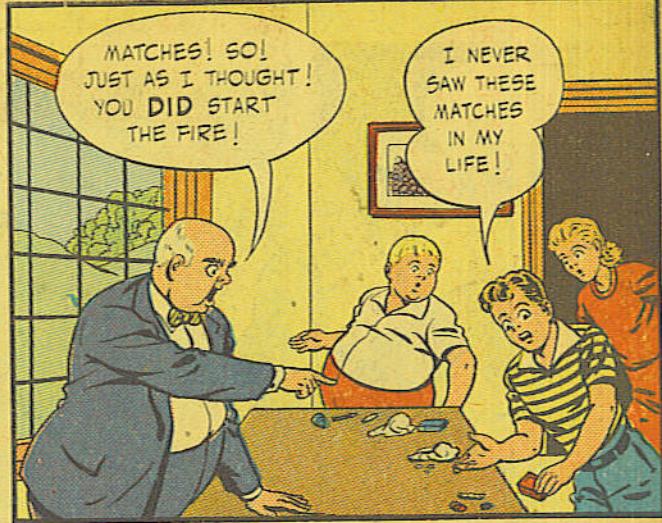
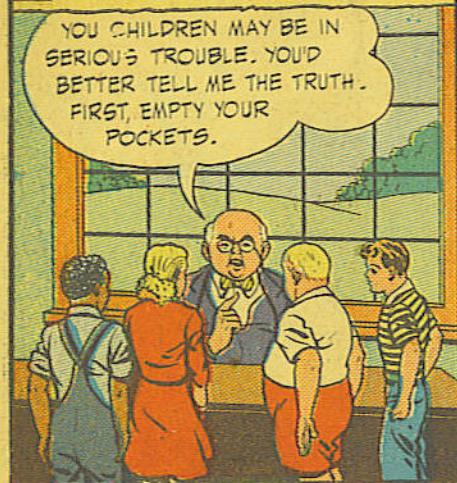
BUY WAR BONDS -- THAT'S OUR TIP
TO HELP DEFEAT THE WILY NIP



QUESTION
No. 15. How long did the famous Chicago fire of 1871 burn?

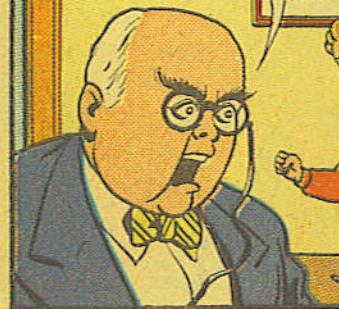


AT THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE --



A FINE STORY! YOU'VE ENDANGERED THE LIVES OF YOUR SCHOOLMATES. I'M SENDING FOR YOUR PARENTS. YOU'LL ALL BE EXPelled!

WE DIDN'T DO IT! WE DIDN'T!



HOW CAN YOU PROVE THAT?

INKY, WHERE DID YOU GET THAT KNIFE?

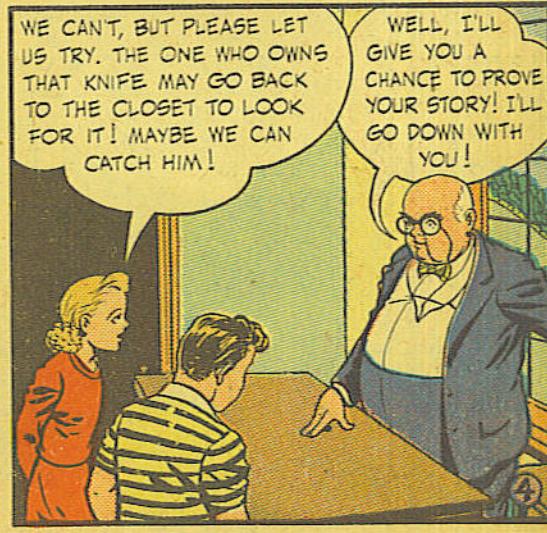
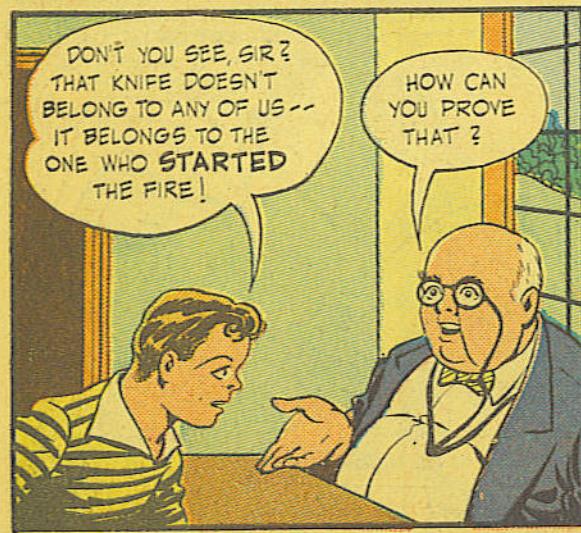
I FOUND IT DOWN IN THAT CLOSET --

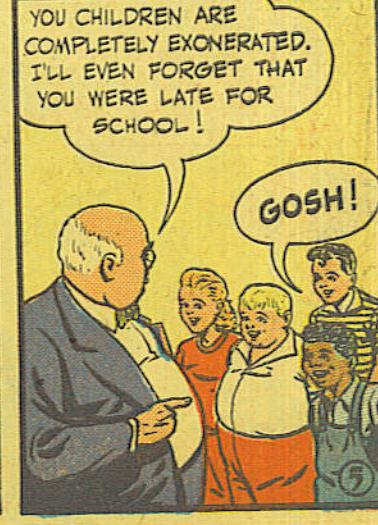
MR. WILLIS, PLEASE GIVE US A CHANCE -- LOOK, THIS ISN'T INKY'S KNIFE. HE FOUND IT IN THAT CLOSET!

WELL, WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

WE CAN'T, BUT PLEASE LET US TRY. THE ONE WHO OWNS THAT KNIFE MAY GO BACK TO THE CLOSET TO LOOK FOR IT! MAYBE WE CAN CATCH HIM!

WELL, I'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO PROVE YOUR STORY! I'LL GO DOWN WITH YOU!





OLD CAP HAWKIN'S' TRUE TALES

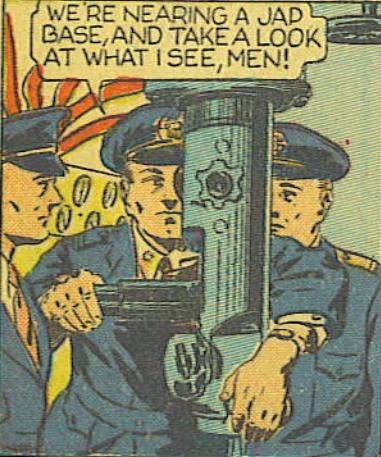


OUR NAVY HAS A REGIMENT OF IRON MEN FIGHTING FOR US. THEY'RE OUR SUBMARINES, JOEY! THESE UNDERSEAS FIGHTERS HAVE NOSED INTO ENEMY HARBORS, PERFORMING THE MOST DARING FEATS OF NAVAL HISTORY.



THE FAMED SUBMARINE "THE FLYING FISH" WAS RAIDING PACIFIC WATERS WHEN....

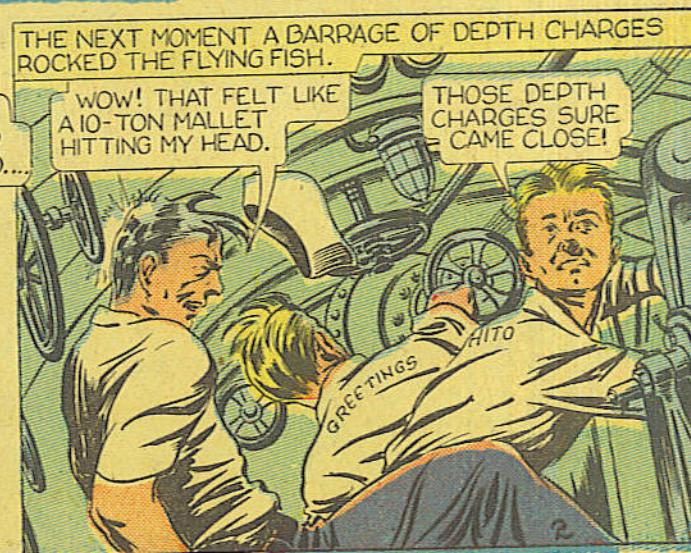
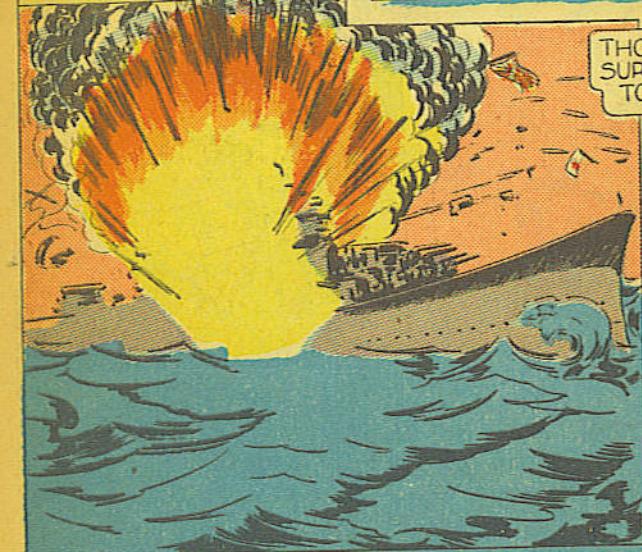
WE'RE NEARING A JAP BASE, AND TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT I SEE, MEN!



JAP SHIPPING!.....
THOSE SHIPS MUST BE LOADED DOWN WITH MUNITIONS. WE'VE GOT TO GET THEM!



QUESTION
No. 17. When firing a torpedo must a sub's nose be pointed at target?



WHILE ON THE JAP DESTROYER.....

MORE DEPTH CHARGES!
WE MUST SINK AMERICAN
SUBMARINE.....!

MORE AND MORE OF THE
DEADLY MISSILES...!

THE ENGINE ROOM'S
LEAKING BADLY,
COMMANDER! WE
CAN'T TAKE MUCH
MORE DAMAGE!

THERE'S
ONLY ONE
WAY TO
GET OUT
OF THIS..

WE'LL HAVE TO FIRST
MANEUVER OUR WAY OUT
OF THE DESTROYER'S
PATH, IF WE CAN.....IS
THE DESTROYER
AHEAD OF US YET?

ABOUT
50 YARDS...

STAND BY TO
TURN ABOUT
AND SURFACE!

THE FLYING FISH SWERVED -

THAT DESTROYER
WON'T BE ABLE TO
TURN AS FAST...!

THEN SPEEDILY THE SHIP NOSED UP -

LOOK!.. SHE
RISES TO SURFACE!

AMERICANS ARE FOOLS!..
GET READY TO FIRE -
MOMENT SHE IS UP!
FIRE ALL ROUNDS!

BUT AS THE JAPS WERE
FINDING THEIR RANGE...

QUESTION
No. 18. Can a torpedo be fired if sub is surfaced?



AFTER AN HOUR OF BLASTING THE SHORE, THE GALLANT FLYING FISH HEADED FOR HOME, STILL SINKING ENEMY SHIPS... BY THE TIME SHE REACHED HER BASE....

